Soft

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by BlueSkiedandClear

Summary

Just a brief missing moment between " I wanna be adored" and " Rescue my heart ". Hannibal, Will and drawbacks of a pregnant Omega.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Will looked out the kitchen door, soft curls falling on his pale and sweaty forehead, one hand clamped on his mouth. Hannibal looked away from the omelette he was cooking, and caught the situation quickly:

" Oh, honey, I'll get there right away. " He hurried, putting out the burner, and running to rescue his poor husband.

Nausea was a torment for Will, from the beginning of his pregnancy. It was their first child, and the young Omega wasn't sure what to expect, but certainly not this. He grimaced in disgust, as Hannibal flushed, and helped him get up, caressing his back reassuringly:

" You don't feel like eating, I guess. " He sensed, wrapping an arm around his waist and taking him back to his room. Will barely shook his head, twisting his mouth at the mere mention of food.

" Don't worry. " His Alpha blanded him, watching him slip back under the covers and fluffing the pillows for him:

" I'm brewing up some ginger herbal tea, you should be able to eat something later. "

He gently stroked his hair, and placed a kiss on his forehead: he knew that their hormones combined, his Alpha ones and Will's ones, Omega and pregnant, but he found his mate more attractive than ever. The protective instinct he felt was almost fierce:

" I would burn the world for you, you know?" He confessed, quietly, looking into his cobalt blue eyes, eyes that Will rolled, snorting:

" I look miserable. " Sweaty, pale and nauseated he didn't exactly feel sexy. The pregnancy, among other things, was busting his Omega body: his hips had rounded and a hint of breasts had emerged. He knew it was going to happen, but he felt uncomfortable anyway.

Hannibal had assured him that he would feel calmer as the pregnancy progressed and the baby was born, but Will was tired of waiting. But it was impossible to keep the pout in front of the amber eyes of his Alpha, full of that predatory tenderness.

" But I already feel better. Stay with me for a moment, please? " He asked, in a soft tone.

Hannibal smiled:

" Sure, honey. "

End Notes

In italiano scritta per la challenge Writeptember Hurt/Comfort del gruppo Hurt/Comfort Italia

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